MARVEL
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X-NATION
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What chance would Gunnar Heywood, America's favorite syntho-organic reporter, have against all that post mortem muscle?
None. And since I already destroyed one body acting through reckless heroics (or, and chemical over-indulgence)--
--I use the satellite comlink technology built into this synthshell--
--to send an emergency signal to Halo City's protectorate--
RELAX, LUNA-- HELP HAS ARRIVED.
--Sham, Meanstreak, Cerebra, and Krystalin--
X-MEN
THANKS, HENRI, I REALIZE YOU NEED YOUR HANDS FREE--
--BUT, SHOCK, SHE WEIGHS A TON.
Stan Lee Presents:
UNDEAD ZONE
CITY OF THE DEAD : CONCLUSION
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE WRITER
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I'M GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE, GRAVEROBBER.
RELINQUISH WHATEVER HOLD YOU HAVE ON TIMOTHY FITZGERALD--
--AND THEN LEAVE HALO CITY.
YOUR ULTIMATUMS ARE POINTLESS, SHAKTI HADDAD. THREATS MEAN NOTHING TO THE UNDEAD.
THEY HAVE EACH EXPERIENCED AND TRANSCENDED DEATH.
WHAT HARM CAN YOU DO TO THEM?
KRYS, THE GIRL TO THE GRAVEROBBER'S LEFT. THAT CAN'T BE WHO I THINK IT IS?
MY LORD, IT'S SERPENTINA. THAT SICK MUTANT CYBORG REALLY CAN RAISE THE DEAD.*
* SERPENTINA DIED IN X-MEN 2099 #3.--JOEY

YOU WISELY RENOUNCED YOUR FATHER'S LEGACY TEN YEARS AGO, SHAKTI HADDAD.
DO NOT PROTECT HIM NOW OUT OF SOME MISGUIDED FAMILY LOYALTY.
YOU KNOW FULL WELL THE COUNTLESS WAYS HE DISSECTED AND DESTROYED LIVES FOR HIS OWN GAIN.
WHY DIE FOR HIS SINS, GIRL?
NO ONE IS SAYING ZAIL HADDAD SHOULDN'T PAY FOR HIS RED MARKET CRIMES--
--BUT YOU AND YOUR ZOMBIE SQUAD KILLED ONE OF THE X-MEN--
--AND VIOLATED THE GRAVE OF ANOTHER.
YOU'RE AS SOCIOPATHIC AS HADDAD.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SLOWED DOWN SO THAT I COULD HEAR YOUR PRATTLING, HENRI HUANG--
ARCADIAN. DEAL HIM OUT!
AVEC PLAISIR.
LIKE MY THIEVIN' PAPA ALWAYS TOL' ME--
DON'T MATTER WHETHER YOU DEAL FROM THE TOP OR THE BOTTOM, MON FILS--
--JUST MAKE SURE DAT YOU THE ONE WHO STACKED THE DECK.
ARRRGH! MY LEGS!

KRYS, I CAN'T RUN!
KCHOW KCHOW KCHOW
GOT YOU COVERED, HENRI...
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?
SORRY, TINA. BUT THAT VENOM STINGER'S GOTTA GO.
MUST... PROTECT... THE... GRAVEROBBER...
YOU SOUND HYPNOTIZED, TINA.
WHATEVER THE GRAVEROBBER'S HOLD ON YOU--
--YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT!
YOU WERE AN X-MAN.
TRY TO REMEMBER.
MY PAST NO LONGER MATTERS. I BELONG TO THE GRAVEROBBER.
HIS LIFE IS... MY LIFE...
I'M... SORRY... KRYSTA--
SHAKTI WAS HOLDING BACK BECAUSE YOU WERE A FRIEND--
--BUT WE'VE GOT NO HISTORY TO MAKE ME REGRET DOING THIS!
-KLANG

SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THE DEARLY DEPARTED, LITTLE GIRL.
YEOW!
DON'T MOCK WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME.
AND TRUST ME-- YOU'RE GONNA BE VERY, VERY DEAD WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU.
--THE ARCADIAN'S CARDS CUT THROUGH MUSCLE.
EMBER, THAT'S THE SECOND JACKET OF MINE YOU'VE TORCHED.
WHERE'S AN EXTINGUISHER WHEN YOU NEED ONE?
I'D RUN AND GET YOU ONE, SHAM--BUT-- AS YOU CAN SEE--
SO UNTIL MY HYPER-ACCELERATED METABOLISM HEALS MY LEG, I'M GOING NOWHERE FAST.
SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL TIRE, MEANSTREAK, BUT CATSCRATCH WON'T.
THE UNDEAD NEVER TIRE.
RRROWR?
CLAWS IN, KITTY CAT--
After she was knocked out by the anvil sized Fists of the Russian--
--I didn't expect to see Luna enter the fray again.
To tell the truth, I didn't expect to see her CONSCIOUS again.
SKRONCH
I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO FEED ON THE PAIN OF THE UNDEAD--
--BUT I CAN SURE AS SHOCK CAUSE IT.

Shakti Haddad is cool as a rule, all ice cold intellect and studied reserve.
I'm surprised to see her move so aggressively against the Graverobber.
YOU CAN'T HOPE TO WIN YOUR FATHER'S LOVE THIS WAY.
HE'S USING YOUR UNRESOLVED FEELINGS FOR HIS OWN ENDS.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT MY FATHER. THIS IS ABOUT HALO CITY AND WHAT IT REPRESENTS.
WE'RE NOT SURRENDERING THE DREAM OF A SAFE HAVEN TO SCAVENGERS LIKE YOU.
Maybe she hopes the physical assault will confuse Simenon--
--making him more vulnerable to her telepathic override.
MY PSIONIC ABILITIES MAY NOT HAVE EFFECT ON YOUR UNDEAD--
--BUT YOU'RE STILL ALIVE BENEATH ALL THAT ROTTING FLESH AND CYBERNETIC SUPPORT--
--WHICH MEANS I CAN TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR BODY.
NICOLAI... HELP ME...
URK...
HOW CAN SOMEONE SO BIG MOVE SO QUICKLY?
NICOLAI, LIKE ALL MY UNDEAD, WATCHES OVER ME FAITHFULLY.
THEY KNOW THEIR RESURRECTED LIVES DEPEND SOLELY ON MY WELL-BEING.

I'm covering a massacre.
I'd turn away, but that's not in my contract.
Everything my ocular system records is being sent to the third eye news satellite.
Anyway, I hope it is. The Eye in the sky could be picking up nothing but static.
The electrical charge from Fitzgerald and those transformers is interfering with my sensory hardware.
For a moment, I begin to think someone's behind me.
No one.
Must be the static.
Or maybe I just don't want to watch that rusting Russian zombie choke the life out of someone.
I'm getting soft in my old age.
GASP... CAN'T... BREATHE...

SCUSE ME, TOVARISCH...
...BUT THAT'S ONE OF HALO CITY'S BEST AND BRIGHTEST THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO BREAK.
???
I KNOW, I KNOW. THINKING IS DIFFICULT FOR A BIG GUY LIKE YOU.
SO DON'T GET YOUR BALALAIKAS IN A BUNCH-- I'LL MAKE IT SIMPLE.
MY NAME'S MORPHINE, AND I MAKE THINGS GROW OLD.
REALLY OLD.
REALLY FAST.
ASHES TO ASHES...
YOU KNOW THE REST.

Even back in his days as a Transverse City hypercon, Morphine Somers could never resist making a grand entrance.
NOW THAT I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION--
--CAN WE STOP PLAYING GAMES AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?
HE KILLED THE RUSSIAN.
DAT GONNA BE THE LAST THING HE DO, EMBER.
AIN'T GONNA TAKE BUT ONE CARD TO SLIT HIS JUGULAR.
YOU WILL DO NOTHING UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD.
SO, SOMERS, HAVE YOU COME TO MEET MY DEMANDS?
YOU AND THE EXHUMED HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE IN MY CITY.
I'M HERE TO NEGOTIATE.
HE CAN'T BE SERIOUS. NOT AFTER WHAT THEY DID TO TIM AND TINA.
I DON'T CARE IF MORPHINE IS THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR.
HE'S NOT CUTTING A DEAL WITH THE GRAVE-ROBBER.
YOU DON'T REALLY WANT CONTROL OF THE CITY. IT'S ALL ADMINISTRATION. BORING.
REVENGE, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS OH SO SWEET.
SO WHY DON'T YOU LET THE LATE MR. FITZGERALD REPOWER THE SPARK--
--AND IN EXCHANGE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE MAN YOU PURSUED CROSS-COUNTRY WITH A VENGEANCE--

--ZAIL HADDAD!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, GARTH--
--YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU GARTH--
--DO WE HAVE A DEAL?
MORPHINE, THE X-MEN DO NOT BARTER WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES--
--NOT EVEN THOSE AS MORALLY BANKRUPT AS MY FATHER.
WHO CARES ABOUT THE OLD MAN? WE'RE NOT IN THE TOWER ANYMORE.
ALIVE OR DEAD, THEY'RE ALL GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO TIM.
SIMMER DOWN, SWEETHEART. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR BOYFRIEND.
TRUST ME, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
FORGET YOUR FALLEN COMRADE. AFTER HIS RESURRECTION, HIS LIFE IS INEXTRICABLY BOUND TO MINE.
WITHOUT ME, THE LIFE WOULD DRAIN FROM HIS BODY AND HIS FLESH WOULD BEGIN TO ROT.
YOU'VE OVERSTEPPED YOUR AUTHORITY, MORPHINE.
I WON'T FORGET.

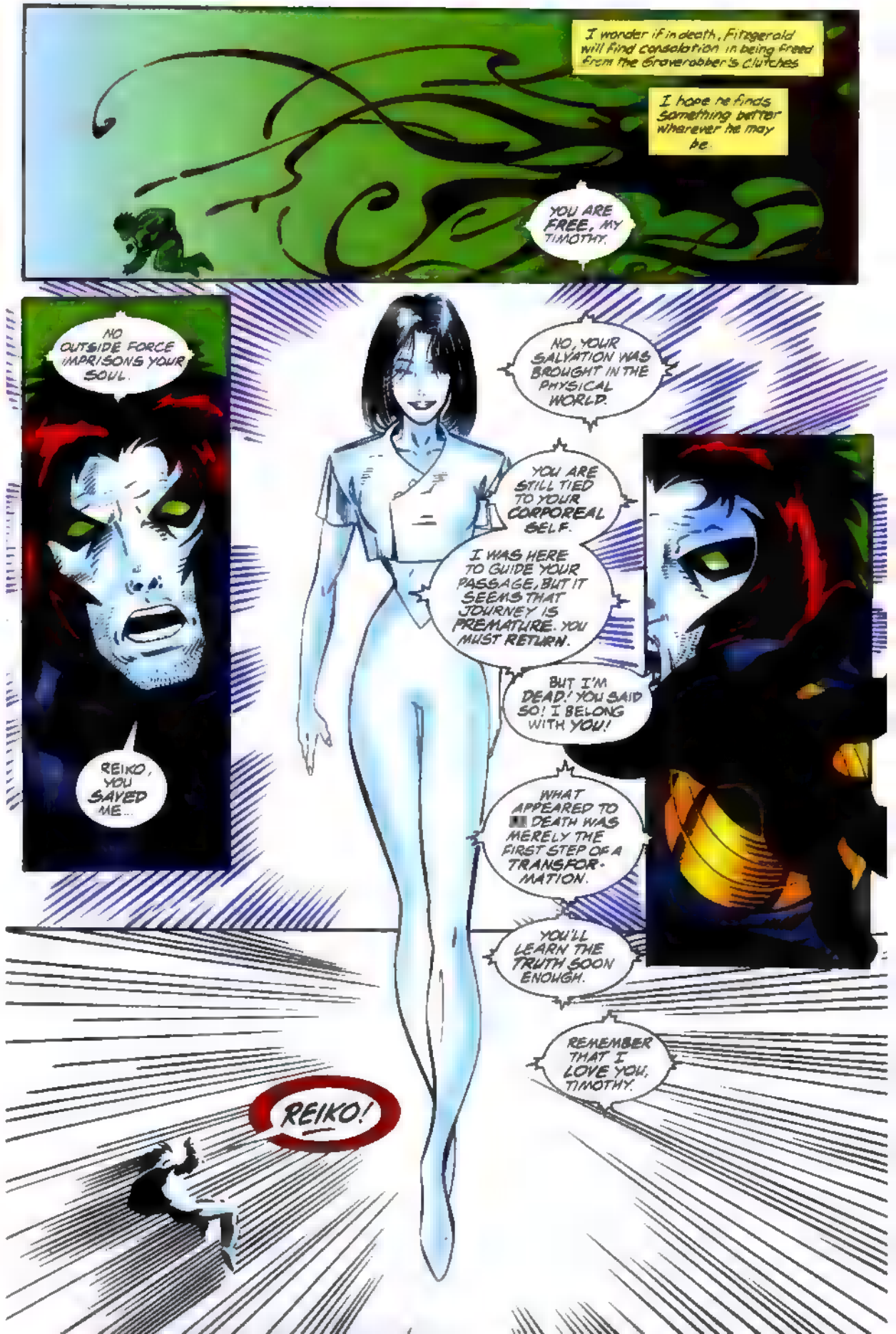
HERE'S THE MAN YOU LOVE T'HATE BOSS. AIN'T MUCH T'LOOK AT, EH?
MMMRPPH... RRRNNFF...
DO YOU REMEMBER ME, HAPPAD? OR AM I JUST ANOTHER LAMB YOU SENT TO THE SLAUGHTER?
I WAS ONE OF YOUR MEAT PUPPETS THAT YOU SENT TO CLEAN UP THE SAN JUAN BIOWASTE SPILL.
THE ACIDS AND TOXINS KILLED THE REST OF MY CREW--
--BUT I SURVIVED AND SWORE I WOULD MAKE YOU SUFFER THE WAY THOSE MEN DID.
SCARED, OL' MAN? Y'SHOULD BE.
YOU GONNA DIE, AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNIN' OF YOUR PAIN.
BEFORE YOU DIE, I WILL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY-- SLOWLY.
AND WHEN THE DEATH YOU WILL PLEAD FOR COMES, IT WILL NOT LAST.
I WILL BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE, A BROKEN MASS OF FLESH AND BONES--
-- CRIPPLED AND HURTING FOR ETERNITY.
THWEK!

ANY LAST WORDS, HADDAD?
SIMENON, YOU PREENING, POSTURING FOOL! SOMERS IS GOING TO KILL US BOTH.
WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?
I HELD UP MY END OF THE BARGAIN. I BROUGHT ZAIL TO YOU AS REQUESTED.
OH, I FORGOT. THERE'S ONE OTHER THING...
KLK
I ALSO WIRED HIS RESTRAINTS WITH ENOUGH NEURAL CHARGE TO DOWN AN ELEPHANT.
KLK
SZZZZ
RAKK
ZZZZZ
ARRRGGHHH--
AN ELECTRIC SHOCK OF THAT MAGNITUDE COULD KILL BOTH OF THEM!
IF THEY'RE LUCKY.

The Graverobber didn't lie when he said that his Undead were bound to him.
Simenon re-animated them with some sort of bio-electric energy that he generated.
Somers' neuroshock surprise did more than short circuit the Graverobber's nervous system.
It disrupted the energy field between him and the Undead--
--like cutting a puppet's strings--
...DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...
...GETTING COLD...
...I DON'T WANT TO DIE AGAIN...
--leaving those mutant zombies with no--
--pardon the pun--
--afterlife support.

ARE THEY DEAD?
AS IN UN-UNDEAD?
BURN THEM. LET THE GRAVEROBBER TRY TO RESUSCITATE ASHES.
WITH THE GRAVE-ROBBER DOWN, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO [redacted] AN OUNCE OF LIFE IN THEM.
YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US, MORPHINE
YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE AGREED TO PLANTING A NEURO CHARGED BOMB [redacted] ZAIL.
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SIMENON.
YOU HAD NO RIGHT USING MY FATHER LIKE THAT, SOMERS!
NO RIGHT!
CRUNCH!
Not that anyone can actually see Shakti's psionic right hook--
--but if Morphine, theoretically could, he didn't this time.
TINA'S AS DEAD AS THE REST.
SHE WAS SO YOUNG WHEN SHE DIED.
WHEN I SAW HER TODAY, I HOPED MAYBE SHE'D [redacted] GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE TO LIVE.
WHAT KIND OF CRUEL JOKE MAKES YOU WATCH A FRIEND DIE TWICE?
IF THE OTHERS ARE DEAD...
WHAT ABOUT TIM?

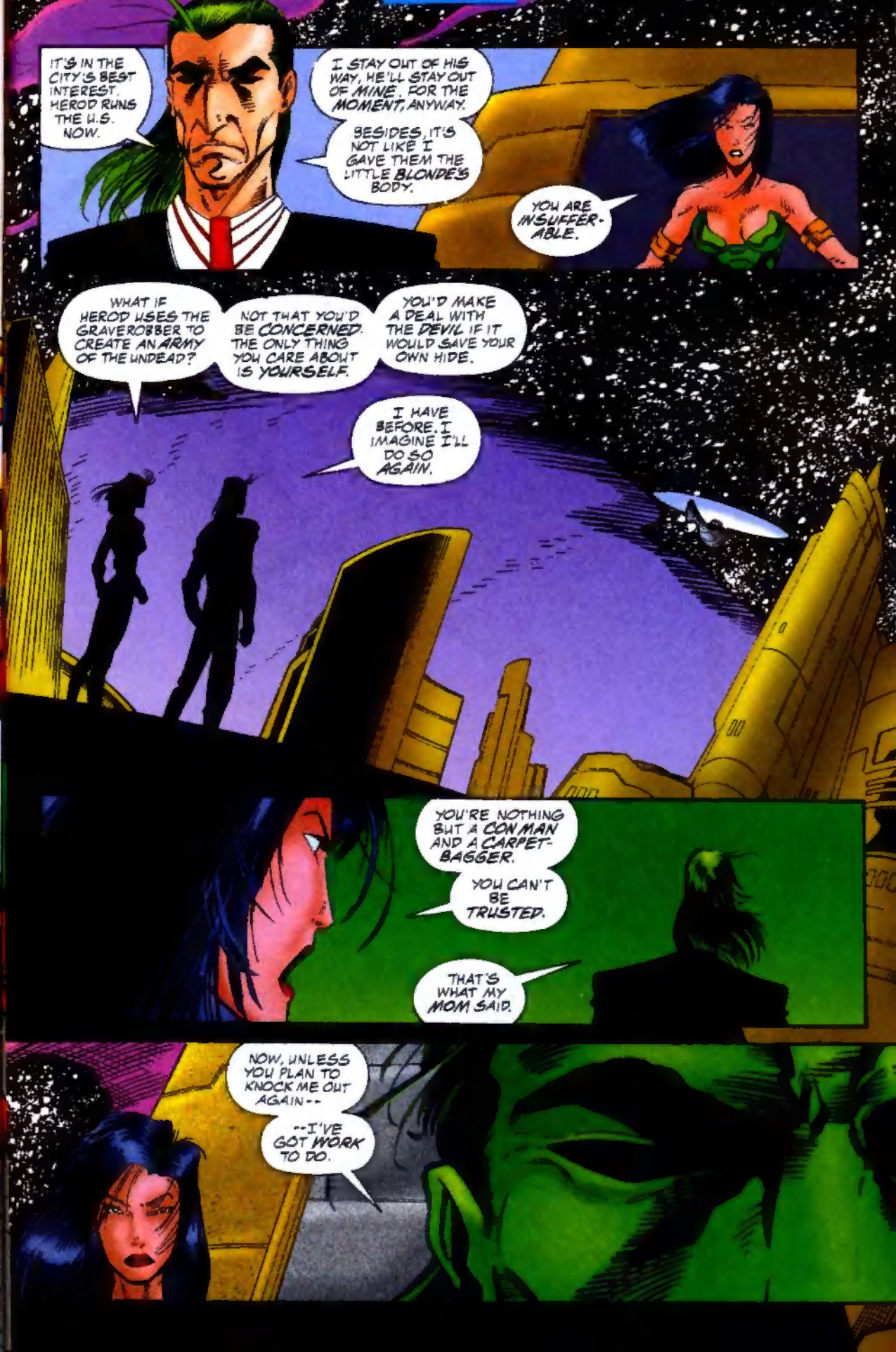
Luna unleashed the wild side of Timothy Fitzgerald--
--but, by engineering Tim's death, the Graverobber unleashed something more primal--
--an unquenchable hunger for energy.
Now, no consciousness contains the energy absorbed from the Spark's generators.
Gigawatts of electricity explode out of an unmoving body, back into the dynamos--
--leaving an empty shell of a man--
--drained--
--lifeless.


I wonder if in death, Fitzgerald will find consolation in being freed from the Graverobber's clutches.
I hope he finds something better wherever he may be.
YOU ARE FREE, MY TIMOTHY.
NO OUTSIDE FORCE IMPRISONS YOUR SOUL.
REIKO, YOU SAVED ME...
NO, YOUR SALVATION WAS BROUGHT IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD.
YOU ARE STILL TIED TO YOUR CORPOREAL SELF.
I WAS HERE TO GUIDE YOUR PASSAGE, BUT IT SEEMS THAT JOURNEY IS PREMATURE. YOU MUST RETURN.
BUT I'M DEAD! YOU SAID SO! I BELONG WITH YOU!
WHAT APPEARED TO [redacted] DEATH WAS MERELY THE FIRST STEP OF A TRANSFORMATION.
YOU'LL LEARN THE TRUTH SOON ENOUGH.
REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU, TIMOTHY.
REIKO!

THE POLYCLINIC.
THE DARKNESS WILL PASS, GRANDMOTHER---
--AND SO WILL YOUR PALSY.
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
THE BLACKOUT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN ME, XI'AN CHI XAN.
THIS IS A PLACE OF HEALING. IT'S PROTECTED BY ANGELS.
EXCUSE ME, XI'AN. THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU.
TELL THEM TO COME BACK TOMORROW SISTER. I HAVEN'T THE ENERGY TO HEAL ANYONE ELSE TODAY.
HE WAS MOST INSISTENT. HE SAYS HE'S A FRIEND.
NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU SURROUNDED BY NUNS.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, IT WAS AT YOUR FUNERAL.
AND I THOUGHT YOU HATED CITIES, VICTOR TEN EAGLES.
WHAT MADE YOU LEAVE NEW MEXI— LORD, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?
SOMEONE IS HUNTING THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE LAWLESS.
OUR PAST IS CATCHING UP WITH US.

They say funerals are for the living.
Personally, I prefer wakes.
I'D LIKE TO THINK IT WASN'T REALLY TINA THE GRAVE-ROBBER REVIVED--
--BUT ONLY A BODY WITH A MEMORY OF THE SOUL THAT IT ONCE HOUSED.
ME, I FEEL WEIRD, AND A LITTLE BIT GUILTY.
I MADE IT BACK FROM THE OTHER SIDE AND TINA DIDN'T. IT MAKES NO SENSE TO ME.
IF THERE'S A HIGHER MEANING IN ALL OF THIS--
--WILL SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN IT TO ME.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOING THIS ONE MORE TIME.
THE UNDEAD DESECRATED HER NEVADA GRAVESITE WHEN THEY STOLE HER BODY.
WE NEEDED TO MAKE SURE THAT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.
SHE DESERVES A MORE LASTING MEMORIAL.
REST IN PEACE, TINA.

THE HALO AIRSTRIP.
SO HEROD SENT PUZZLE SAMURAI. TYPICALLY BIZARRE.
HAVE TO GIVE THAT CHICAGO BOY CREDIT, THOUGH.
ONLY HIS COLLECTION OF ESOTERIC WEAPONRY COULD'VE KICKED DOOM OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.
IS THE CARGO READY FOR TRANSPORT?
YEAH, THE UNDEAD ARE ALL ON ICE.
THERE ARE ONLY FOUR CONTAINERS. WE WERE TOLD TO EXPECT SEVEN.
THREE WERE DAMAGED IN TRANSIT. YOU KNOW HOW THAT GOES.
DON'T WORRY, HEROD WILL BE HAPPY. THE GRAVEROBBER'S INTACT.
HEROD HAS INSTRUCTED US TO INFORM YOU THAT THE CONTRACT ON YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN CANCELLED.
HE ADVISES YOU NOT TO GIVE HIM REASON TO RENEW HIS TERMINATION ORDER.
GIVE HIM MY LOVE, TOO.
YOU GAVE THE UNDEAD TO HEROD?


IT'S IN THE CITY'S BEST INTEREST. HEROD RUNS THE U.S. NOW.
I STAY OUT OF HIS WAY, HE'LL STAY OUT OF MINE. FOR THE MOMENT, ANYWAY.
BESIDES, IT'S NOT LIKE I GAVE THEM THE LITTLE BLONDE'S BODY.
YOU ARE INSUFFERABLE.
WHAT IF HEROD USES THE GRAVEROBBER TO CREATE AN ARMY OF THE UNDEAD?
NOT THAT YOU'D BE CONCERNED. THE ONLY THING YOU CARE ABOUT IS YOURSELF.
YOU'D MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL IF IT WOULD SAVE YOUR OWN HIDE.
I HAVE BEFORE. I IMAGINE I'LL DO SO AGAIN.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A CON MAN AND A CARPET-BAGGER.
YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED.
THAT'S WHAT MY MOM SAID.
NOW, UNLESS YOU PLAN TO KNOCK ME OUT AGAIN--
--I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

EPILOGUE.
AN ARCHAIC WEAPONS SATELLITE PREVENTS HEROD'S CARGO TRANSPORT FROM LEAVING CALIFORNIA AIRSPACE.
ZZZZRAKK
UNLIKE MORPHINE SOMERS, I REFUSE TO LET HEROD ADD THE GRAVEROBBER TO HIS COLLECTION OF FORBIDDEN TECHNOLOGY.
MY DRONES WILL RETRIEVE THE BODIES LONG BEFORE HIS SALVAGE CREW.
THE UNDEAD WOULD BE LITTLE USE TO HEROD ONCE HE DISCOVERS THAT I AM ALIVE.
AND THEN I WILL DEAL WITH SOMERS AND THE X-MEN.
AFTER ALL, I BUILT HALO CITY.
ITS FUTURE BELONGS TO ME.
POOOSH!
NEXT MONTH · DOOM! CLARION! NOSTROMO! WULFF! BEGINS HERE!
NATION